IF YOU HAVE A SONG, A THOUGHT, A FEELING, OR ANYTHING KIND YOU WANT TO SHARE, PLEASE DO EMAIL ME.

IF YOU HAVE SOMETHING SHITTY TO SAY, GO AHEAD, BUT THE FUTURE IS KIND AND WE'RE LEAVING YOU BEHIND.

DO NOT PURCHASE THIS ZINE. IT IS ALWAYS FREE.

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SHARE, COPY, ALTER, STEAL. THIS ZINE BELONGS TO EVERYONE.

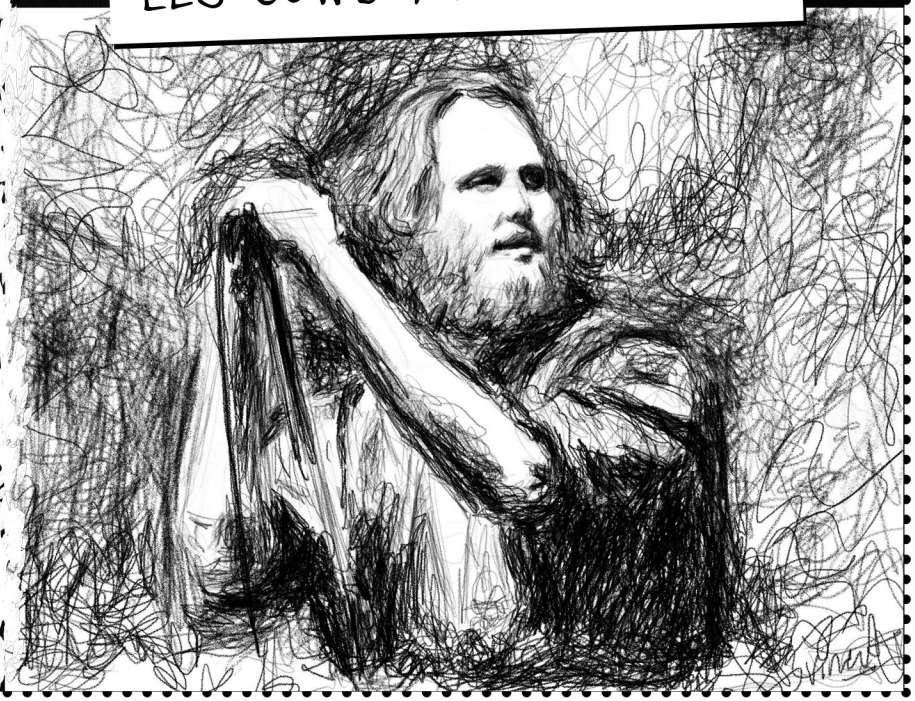
#005

Anti-Cap

MUSIC FOR OUR FUTURE

DANS CET ARTICLE :

LES COWBOYS FRINGANTS



You know, it never occurred to me until now that I might have to say this, but...

NO AI IS USED IN THE MAKING OF THIS ZINE

EVER.

That means no AI-generated artwork, text, lyrics, research... Nothing. This zine is a major labor of love by one person who desperately wants the world to change for the better. That's why I only release one issue per month; this is such a labor-intensive project.

It didn't occur to me to put some kind of no-AI/anti-AI stamp on this zine because I am disconnected enough from AI that I often forget how normalized it has become and how much the average person uses it and, perhaps, expects others to use it, as well.

AI (in the way that you & I associate it today) is ¢apitalism incarnate: It consumes precious resources with rapacity and gives back nothing but mental illness, misinformation, and cheap imitations of human intelligence and creativity.

You've heard that there is no ethical consumption under capitalism. Well, consider adding this to your list of slogans:

Ok! C'est tout ! I **really** didn't mean for that song to take up the **entirety** of the May issue, but it's a song that is very meaningful to me and I think that it was worth it.

Sadly, we will never get any new music from **LCF** quite like this since their singer and co-founder, **Karl Tremblay**, passed away shortly after the recording of *L'Amérique pleure*.

Their spirit lives on in their music.

Rien n'empêche que moi aussi
Quand j'roule tout seul dans la nuit
J'me demande des fois ce que je fous ici
Pris dans l'arrière-pays, yeah

J'pense à tout c'que j'ai manqué
Avec Mimi pis les deux filles
Et j'ai ce sentiment fucké
D'être étranger dans ma famille

LA QUESTION QUE J'ME POSE TOUT LE TEMPS
POURQUOI TRAVAILLER AUTANT
ÉLOIGNÉ DE CEUX QUE J'AIME
TOUT ÇA POUR JOUER LA GAME

C'EST SI TRISTE QUE DES FOIS
QUAND J'SUIS LOIN DE LA MAISON
ASSIS DANS MON VIEUX CAMION
J'AI TOUTE L'AMÉRIQUE QUI PLEURE
QUELQUE PART AU FOND DU CŒUR

Nothing stops me from doing the same
When I'm driving alone at night
Sometimes I wonder what the hell I'm doing here
Stuck out in the backcountry, yeah

I think about everything I missed
With Mimi and the two girls
And I get this fucked up feeling
Of being a stranger in my own family

THE QUESTION I ASK MYSELF ALL THE TIME:
WHY WORK SO MUCH
FAR AWAY FROM THE ONES I LOVE
ALL THIS JUST TO PLAY THE GAME

IT'S SO SAD THAT SOMETIMES WHEN I'M FAR FROM HOME
SITTING IN MY OLD TRUCK
I FEEL ALL OF AMERICA CRYING
SOMEWHERE DEEP IN MY HEART

"There is no ethical use of AI"

That's "AI", not "AI". I don't know AI, but if they consent, use them all you want.

For those wondering, all of the artwork in this zine comes from the album covers and show posters of the bands being featured. Any additional artwork is created by me or gathered from royalty-free resources.

For example, most of the fonts I use are created by me. Occassionally, I will use a royalty-free font to emphasize certain words, such as the font used for the quote at the top of this page which is called "Amperzand", and was created by the talented **AJ Paglia.**

And this little cutie down here? That was made by the self-proclaimed "illustrator of tiny pictures", **James Chapman.**

Oh! And if you ever want to know more about any of the featured artists, you can scan the **QR codes** nestled amongst the lyrics. They will take you to their Wiki, Bandcamp, or similar page. **OK I'M DONE NOW ENJOY THE MUSIC BYE BYE**

les cowboys fringants

This is going to be an interesting song to share because it is the first song I have featured that is not in English.

LCF is a Québécois folk-rock band that I discovered a few years ago while studying French. In 2021, **LCF** released a concert film called "*L'Amérique pleure (America Weeps)*" wherein the band performs 16 of their songs to awe-inspiring backdrops of the diverse natural beauty of the Québec province.

I am going to do my absolute best to translate the titular song into English, but the truth is that my French isn't very strong and **LCF** sings in français québécois with some words, phrases, and pronunciations of which I am not familiar.

My suggestion to you, dear reader, is to read the translation first to get an idea of the message, and then listen to the original song to hear the passion and emotion connected to the words.

Truthfully, even though translating songs adds an extra layer of effort for me, this probably won't be the last time that I feature French music in this zine (if only because it is the only other language which I currently speak).

People all around the world are creating music that advocates for a better world and mourns the losses experienced in the one in which we live.

On Interstate-95
All my dreams go up in smoke
A burning car on an off-ramp
A fatal accident, yeah

And in the middle of this traffic jam
No respect for the dead
Everyone takes their turn honking
So rushed to get nowhere

THE QUESTION I ASK MYSELF ALL THE TIME:
WHERE ARE ALL THESE PEOPLE GOING?
THERE ARE SO MANY CARS EVERYWHERE
THE WORLD HAS GONE CRAZY

IT'S SO SAD THAT SOMETIMES
WHEN I COME HOME AND PARK MY OLD TRUCK
I SEE ALL OF AMERICA CRYING
IN MY REARVIEW MIRROR

Another highway truck stop
Stuck eating crappy food
It's true that in the soup of the day
There isn't much love left anymore, yeah

We killed human warmth
With assembly-line service
On TV another madman
Just started a shooting

THE QUESTION I ASK MYSELF ALL THE TIME:
HOW DO THOSE POOR PEOPLE MANAGE
TO MAKE IT ALL THE WAY THROUGH
A LIFE WITHOUT LOVE?

IT'S SO SAD THAT SOMETIMES
WHEN I COME HOME AND PARK MY OLD TRUCK
I SEE ALL OF AMERICA CRYING
IN MY REARVIEW MIRROR

Sur l'interstate-95
Partent en fumée tous mes rêves
Un char en feu dans une bretelle
Un accident mortel, yeah

Et au milieu de ce bouchon
Pas de respect pour la mort
Chacun son tour joue du klaxon
Tellement pressé d'aller nulle part

LA QUESTION QUE J'ME POSE TOUT LE TEMPS
MAIS OÙ S'EN VONT TOUS CES GENS
Y'A TELLEMENT DE CHARS PARTOUT
LE MONDE EST RENDU FOU

C'EST SI TRISTE QUE DES FOIS
QUAND JE RENTRE À LA MAISON
PIS QUE J'PARK MON VIEUX CAMION
J'VOIS TOUTE L'AMÉRIQUE QUI PLEURE DANS MON RÉTROVISEUR

Un autre truck-stop d'autoroute
Pogné pour manger d'la schnoutte
C'est vrai que dans la soupe du jour
Y'a pu tellement d'amour, yeah

On a tué la chaleur humaine
Avec le service à la chaîne
À la télé un autre malade
Vient d'déclencher une fusillade

LA QUESTION QUE J'ME POSE TOUT LE TEMPS
MAIS COMMENT FONT CES PAUVRES GENS
POUR TRAVERSER TOUT LE COURS
D'UNE VIE SANS AMOUR

C'EST SI TRISTE QUE DES FOIS
QUAND JE RENTRE À LA MAISON
PIS QUE J'PARK MON VIEUX CAMION
J'VOIS TOUTE L'AMÉRIQUE QUI PLEURE DANS MON RÉTROVISEUR

Encore un jour à se lever
En même temps que le soleil
La face encore un peu poquée
Mon 4h de sommeil yeah

J'tire une couple de puffs de clope
Job done pour les vitamines
Pis un bon café à l'eau de moppe
Histoire de s'donner meilleure mine (Yeah)

J'prend le Florida Turnpike
Pis demain soir j'ta Montmagny
Non trucker s'pa vraiment l'Klondike
Mais tu vois du pays yeah

Another day getting up
At the same time as the sun
My face still a little beaten up
From my four hours of sleep, yeah

I take a couple drags from a cigarette
Job done for the vitamins
And a good coffee made with mop water
Just to make myself look a little better
(Yeah)

I take the Florida Turnpike
And tomorrow night I'll be in Montmagny
Being a trucker isn't really the Klondike
But you do get to see the country, yeah

LA QUESTION QUE J'ME POSE TOUT LE TEMPS
MAIS COMMENT FONT TOUS CES GENS
POUR CROIRE ENCORE EN LA VIE
DANS CETTE HYPOCRISIE
C'EST SI TRISTE, QUE DES FOIS
QUAND JE RENTRE À LA MAISON
PIS QUE J'PARK MON VIEUX CAMION
J'VOIS TOUTE L'AMÉRIQUE QUI PLEURE
DANS MON RÉTROVISEUR

LA QUESTION QUE J'ME POSE TOUT LE TEMPS
MAIS QUE FERONT NOS ENFANTS
QUAND IL NE RESTERA RIEN
QUE DES RUINES ET LEUR FAIM
C'EST SI TRISTE, QUE DES FOIS
QUAND JE RENTRE À LA MAISON
PIS QUE J'PARK MON VIEUX CAMION
J'VOIS TOUTE L'AMÉRIQUE QUI PLEURE
DANS MON RÉTROVISEUR

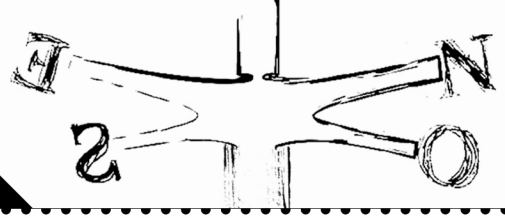
Surtout que ça te fait réaliser
Que derrière les beaux paysages
Y'a tellement d'inégalités
Et de souffrance sur les visages

Moi je traîne dans ma remorque
Tous les excès de mon époque
La surabondance surgelée
Shootée suremballée, yeah

Pendant que les voeux pieux
passent dans le beurre
Que notre insouciance est repue
C'est dans le fond des conteneurs
Que pourront pourrir les surplus

THE QUESTION I ASK MYSELF ALL THE TIME:
HOW DO ALL THESE PEOPLE STILL MANAGE TO BELIEVE IN LIFE
IN THE MIDDLE OF ALL THIS HYPOCRISY?
IT'S SO SAD THAT SOMETIMES
WHEN I COME HOME AND PARK MY OLD TRUCK
I SEE ALL OF AMERICA CRYING IN MY REARVIEW MIRROR

THE QUESTION I ASK MYSELF ALL THE TIME:
WHAT WILL BECOME OF OUR CHILDREN
WHEN NOTHING IS LEFT AT ALL
BUT RUINS AND THEIR OWN HUNGER?
IT'S SO SAD THAT SOMETIMES
WHEN I COME HOME
AND PARK MY OLD TRUCK
I SEE ALL OF AMERICA CRYING
IN MY REARVIEW MIRROR



Especially since it makes you realize
That behind the beautiful landscapes
There's so much inequality
And suffering on people's faces

I haul around in my trailer
All the excess of my era
Frozen overabundance
injected and overpackaged, yeah

While good intentions go to waste
And our carelessness is well fed
It's at the bottom
of the containers
That the surplus will rot